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floated that suny afternoon in June on the bosom of the lake. That lake whose slumberous depths, hidden by sun tinted wavelets, formed one of the prin cipal attractions of L'Estrange

Park. And it had many attractions, both to those who knew it well and to those who as visitors came to it for the It was one of the show places of the

county, with its grand avenues of noble oaks, its dense copses, its knolls and della and lovers' walks, its wide expanses of lawn like verdure.

The house itself was worth a journey

to see. It stood on the summit of a long, sloping hill, overlooking in front an undu-lating expanse of greensward, with trees dotted here and there, and exquisite par-terres of flowers gemming its beauty.

Behind it, and on both sides, were dusky woods for what seemed to be so: though when entered it was possible to wander at ease through interminable paths, cool even in the hottest day of

The L'Estranges were one of the proudest families in the county.

They could claim an unsullied descent from ancestors who in the good old times had done good service to their country, and never did it seem less likely than on this pleasant June day that a shadow would fall upon the honor of the old They were lovers, these two who were

now out on the almost waveless water, and were to be married in a week. He was handsome, rich, the owner of L'Estrange Park and estates. She was an heiress, young, beautiful, the ward of Mrs. Raymond, of the Lodge, the grounds of which sloped down to the lake side,

which here formed the boundary of the property. May was a girl of whom any lover might be proud. She was only just past that most beautiful of ages, "sweet seventeen;" bright

with a girlhood that was womanly now in its rounded contours and maturity. Her large, laughing eyes were of a deep pansy hue, and capable of expressing deep emotion; her lips were curved and ripened, her complexion bright, her hair golden and clustering like an aureola

round her well shaped head. shoulders and bust perfect; a tender grace seemed to pervade her whole per-

She was, as we have said, the ward of Mrs. Raymond, of the Lodge; an orphan, she had no one to defend her from the storm, save this weak woman and Guy

Her father had left her a large fortune entirely unfettered. Even at her present age she could dis-

pose of it as she pleased. But it was not of riches they were thinking now. They were basking in the delights of

love's young dream, never guessing that any cloud could cross the path which seemed so bright.

They had been hours upon the water. Time had passed with lightning speed as the boat drifted on; she lying in his arms, gazing up into his love lit eyes as he pressed kisses on her soft lips, or whispered to her of sweet delights in the future, when neither day nor night could bring to them the sorrow of part-

How could they think of evil? He suddenly, however, rouses himself, after one long, lingering kiss, and took

May laughed gayly.
"Why, what is the matter, Guy?" she "What sudden resolution has made you discard me in this manner?" "My dearest," he said, "I must answer you in the words of the poet: 'With thee conversing I forgot all time.'

"But you are not a business man pouted May, prettily. "My love, I am today. I must go over

to Barchester today," he said, as he began to row towards shore.

"How lovely the day is, too!" she cried. "It is simply delicious out here upon the water. Must you go over today?"

"Yes, little one, "cried Guy L'Estrange gayly. "It is a matter of business which must be settled. I don't want anything of that kind to bother me when my bird has flown to her nest. I sha'n't be long away, and if Mrs. Raymond will only put up with me, I intend spending at least a couple of hours at the lodge to-

He helped her ashore as he spoke, and fastened the boat to the mooring post. "You know you are always welcome," said May tenderly; "but-oh, Guy, what a strange mark that is on your right

arm! I never noticed it before."
She had taken held of his white mus cular arm, and was gazing intently on a strange tattoo mark, skillfully wrought -the mark of an anchor and a dagger. a kind of Spanish stiletto.

A dark cloud seemed to pass over his

face as she spoke, but it vanished as quickly as it came. Some whim of my parents," he said.

"I only wish I could get rid of it. But I cannot without disfiguring myself, so I am forced to let it remain." "Oh, it does not matter," said May; "it is no disfigurement in itself, is it, Guy?"

And as they moved along towards her home she clung to his arm in childlike confidence and love. How could she imagine the thoughts

which had entered his mind as she spoke of those simple marks? They talked and laughed, and other

CLARE'S REVENCE vengeful eyes fixed upon them, dark eyes whose owner glared at them from behind the safe concealment of the curtains of the room opening on to the gar-

They took in with angry distinctness the whole details of the scene; the tall, stalwart formed Guy L'Estrange, lookapproaching sweet face and svelte form of May Fielding, his fiancee; the tender, garessing attitude of the man, the shy, trustful glances of the girl.



Clare Raymond, the daughter of Mrs. Raymond, May Fielding's guardian, was four years May's senior, and during all those long, long months which had formed the period of the courtship of her friend and her lover, she had suffered torture unspenkable.

She had set her heart upon Guy when first they had met, years before.

Even in those days, however, when May was only 14 and Guy 21, she was his favorite and companion.

And as time passed, the bud blossomed out and ripened imperceptibly though surely, and without any display of mock modesty or self consciousness, May Fielding drifted from her position of the child playmate of Guy L'Estrange to that of his betrothed bride Clare had seen all this, and used des-

perate means to avert such a calamity.

Failing all else, she had opened her heart to her wondering mother, and en-treated her to send May away to school before it was too late. But this was not to be.

"My dear," said her mother tenderly, "this cannot be done. I pity you, and feel for you, but I cannot help you. am forbidden to send her to school, All her education must be received in my house. I am precluded by the will from allowing her to leave my house until a busband claims her."

And so time passed; and Guy and May, happy in each other's love, knew nothing of the storm in the breast of her rival.

Clare turned from the contemplation of the scene, with frembling lips and her hand pressed tightly over her swellng bosom

"Oh, how I hate her!" she cried. "But for her his love would have been mine! And to think I have tried and tried in vain, with all my beauty, which has been praised so much by others, only to be set aside for that golden haired dol!!" She passed into an adjoining room, that she might not witness the entrance

of the lovers-that she might calm herror as regards me. self, in fact, before she met them at all. But her mind was too busy to be tranquilized.

The same thoughts would crowd upon her brain. It was too late now, All her scheming bad been for nothing; in a week they would be married.

"Oh, why am I such a coward?" she murmured to herself. "Why cannot I devise and carry out some scheme to part them even now? The thought of their happiness maddens me. I could almost bring myself to wish that something awful would happen to-yes, to either of them," she added, with a spiteful stamp of her foot, "rather than she should'live to be his wife!"

Even in the depths of her wicked heart she could never have imagined how swiftly her evil prayer would be answered.

Gay voices in the next room roused her, and she schooled herself to be calm and smiling to meet the lovers, and Mrs. Raymond, who, all unconscious of the vengeful feelings in her daughter's heart, was joking with the young people, and twitting May about her anxiety at Guy's absence for a few hours.

"You'll get used to longer absences than that, May," she cried, "when you are an old, staid matron of a year's stand-

"Oh, no," laughed Guy, "she will never have that to complain of. I'm going to hang on to the proverbial apron string. It saves a lot of bother, and you know of old, Mrs. Raymond, that I'm rather lazy."

"In that case," said May, "I'll drive you over to the station in the pony car-

Clare Raymond entered at the mo "You naughty, forgetful thing," she said in her sweetest tones, "you prom-

ised to drive me and mamma to Linwood today, and"---"And so she shall," said Guy with a smile; "I'll exert my marital authority in advance, and say, she shall. And, moreover, I'm not going to Barchester in my boating flannels. I must pull myself across the lake, and go home to

He bent and lightly touched the girl's forehead. He was not as a rule inclined to be demonstrative in the presence of others, but something in her face-s wistfulness, a yearning look in the eyes -made him suddenly change his determination, and he caught her to his

breast and kissed her passionately.

Then, as if ashamed of such an action before Mrs. Raymond and her daughter, e muttered some inarticulate adieu to

His slight confusion prevented him from seeing the spasm of anger and hatred which distorted the face of Clare Raymond as he held May Fielding close to his heart. Unconscious of all threatened evil, his

heart still bounding with the love glad-

tender arms of his fiancee were clasped round him, Guy L'Estrange bastened to the lake side, entered the boat, pulled himself with a few powerful strokes across to the opposite shore, and, hastening home, attired himself for his journey and set out towards the station at

Lowcroft. He was driven there in the dog cart, and the groom, having received instructions as to what time to fetch him on his return from Barchester, drove off, the

skittish mare soon taking the light vehicle out of sight. It was very quiet in the station when Guy L'Estrange entered it; no sign of bustle or preparation of any kind.

A porter, after a few moments, came

forward, touching his hat. "Going up to London, sir?" "No, Mason: I want to go to Barches-

ter," said Guy. "Train gone this ten minutes, sir," said the man; "not another until 5 o'clock, unless you go on to Sandford

and change on to the other line." "Train gone!" repeated Guy in some irritation, as he took out his watch. "Confound the thing, it is twenty minutes slow! No, I sha'n't go on, thank you. 1 shall be too late for my appointment if I do. Good afternoon, Mason; I shall stroll home, and try my luck again to morrow

As Guy L'Estrange began retracing his steps along the road, the face of nature seemed to have changed-at any

ley woods, and these he entered through a gap in the bedge. It was, to a certain extent, private

property, and tramps and gypsies would have been ordered off it. But Guy L'Estrange, owner of the park, was privileged, and he swung along the beech and oak avenues as if he had a

right there. . His mind, in fact, was strangely concentrated on one thing-a desire to reach the lodge as quickly as possible, to see May (from whom he had been separated only a couple of hours) and to be sure

she was safe and well. Guy ridiculed all kinds of presentiments, and everything of a like nature, and yet he was ill at case and nervous; so much so that when, presently, a female form suddenly appeared from amid a clump of trees, he started violently.

It might have been because he was plunged in a reverie; but, at any rate, the fact remained, and with a half bow he turned rapidly aside to avoid the stranger.

She advanced quickly, however; and before he had time to realize what was happening she had placed her hand upon his arm and thrown back her veil, revealing a face of exquisite beauty. She looked up into his face with a strangely mingled.

"Oh, Roy!" she cried, "how glad I am I have met you! How cruel to have left me without a word!" For a moment Guy L'Estrange was too petrified with astonishment to speak, but

at length he contrived to say: "Madam, I am sorry if my words give you pain, but you have made a great 36 in. Henriettas all new shades worth 36 @ 25 40 in. Serges all Wool new shades worth 60 @ mistake, one which to me is unaccountable. My name is Guy L'Estrange. I am the owner of the park yonder, the wall of which you can now see. If you are in trouble, I am sure I and my aunt will be happy to give you any advice or (he was going to say assistance, but one dressed)-or that sort of thing. But you have, I regret to say, made some sad er-

She gazed at him with a look of mingled scorn and wonder, though there was something of wistful disappointment and tender reproach in her glori-

"No, I have made no mistake," she said. "You are my husband, Roy Talbot, and why you are masquerading here under another name I am at a loss to understand. However, if this is the way in which you intend to act, it will give me my cue. Your abrupt and cruel letter to me I intended to have passed over and forgiven, but"-



"Oh, Rou!" she cried, "Madam," said Guy L'Estrange, who saw now that some real danger might lurk for him in the shadow of this woman's error, "I cannot permit you to waste your words or my time any further. I have told you my name and address, and since you compel me to speak rather brusquely, I must add that, as you are well aware, I am not your husband, and never saw you before. Thank your helplessness and the fact that I am inclined to fancy you have innocently made a mistake that I do not at once hand you over to the police as soon as I can. As it is, there is my card; there also is the card of my solicitor. I have no more to

He raised his hat with a polite gesture. but she flung herself on her knees before him and clasped her hands wildly. "Oh, Roy, Roy!" she cried, "have pity. Think of the vows you took at the altar,

of the happy days we have spent together, and, more than all, our dear child. Do not make me desperate, Roy; Guy L'Estrange was beginning to be

feeling of fear was creeping over him, an undefined dread of he knew not what. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

angry, and, more than that, a strange

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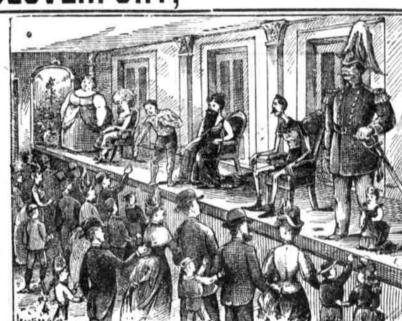
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